Which breathd this poyson.
King. Rage must be withstood:
Giue me his gage; Lions make Leopards tame.
Mowb. Yea, but not change his spots; take but my shame
And I resigne my gage, my deare deare Lord.
The purest treasure mortall times affoord,
Is spotlesse reputation, that away;
Men are but guilded loame, and painted Clay:
A iewell in a tenne times bard vp Chest,
Is a bold Spirit in a loyall Breast.
Mine Honour is my life, both grow in one;
Take honour from me, and my life is done.
Then (deare my Liege) mine Honour let me try,
In that I liue, and for that will I die.
King. Coosin, throw vp your gage; do you begin.
Bull. O God defend my soule from such deepe sinne,
Shall I seeme Crest-fallen in my fathers sight?
Or with pale begger-face impeach my hight,
Before this out-darde dastard? Ere my tongue
Shall wound my Honour with such feeble wrong,
Or sound so base a parlee, my teeth shall teare
The slauish motiue of recanting feare,
And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace,
Where shame doth harbour, euen in Mowbraies face. *
King. We were not borne to sue, but to command;
Which since we cannot doe, to make you friends,
Be ready (as your life shall answere it)
At *Couentrie* vpon Saint *Lambards* day:
There shall your Swords and Launces arbitrate
The swelling difference of your setled hate:
Since we cannot attone you, you shall see
Iustice designe the Victors chiualrie.
Lord Marshall, command our Officers at Armes,
Be readie to direct these home all armes. ** *Exit.*

Enter Iohn of Gaunt, with the Dutchesse of Glocester.
Gaunt. Alas, the part I had in Woodstocks blood,
Doth more solicite me, then your exclaimes,

or
Donorie
Heaven
begger-face
parle
this
liues
alarmo
Glosters
alarmus.

* Exit Gaunt. ** Scena secunda

To